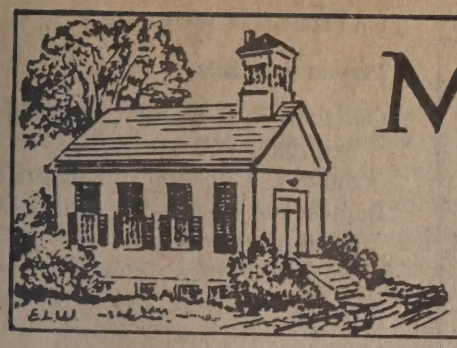
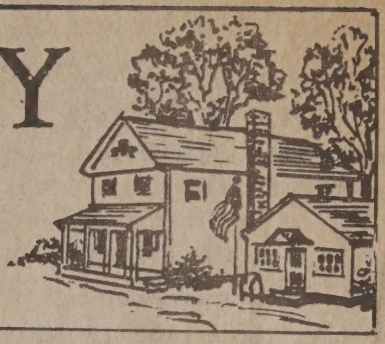


MONTEREY NEWS



MARCH 1986

Residents Approve Education Increases

A special town meeting was held at the fire house Jan. 29, and residents approved two articles dealing with increased teacher's salaries and funding of the proposed increases. Minimum starting salaries in the district for the 86-87 school year will be raised to $18,000. Provisions in two sections of Chapter 188 aid will initially offset any increases to the town by providing grants to reduce local costs through the end of the 1988-89 school year.

Thomas Consolati, Superintendent of Schools, presented the local cost projections based on acceptance and non-acceptance of the proposals. Two grants totalling $155,000 would be used for the offset and net cost to taxpayers would be 12.1 percent with Chapter 188 aid through 1988-1989 versus 19.1 percent without aid.

Stressing that "our overall goal is quality education," Mr. Consolati stated "if you want quality schools, you need quality teachers" and increasing starting or minimum salaries would encourage persons to enter teaching as a career and/or stay in the teaching profession. Other articles in Chapter 188, while not addressed during the town meeting, deal with overall evaluations of teachers and administrators.

Amidon Discusses Belcher Square Traffic

Dean Amidon, District Highway Engineer for the Mass. Dept. of Public Works, met recently with Great Barrington selectmen to discuss options for improving traffic flow at Belcher Square. Belcher Square is at the intersection of Routes 23 and 7 and is most often the only access to Great Barrington by Monterey residents. Redesigning and/or installing lights are options under consideration and further meetings are planned. Residents who are interested in attending further meetings or commenting on proposed plans should contact the Great Barrington selectmen's office or Department of Public Works in Lenox.

New Dimensions!

SEE LAST PAGE AD RATES

A Reminder From The Highway Superintendent

Donald Amstead, Highway Superintendent for the Town of Monterey advises motorists to be aware of the **ROAD CLOSED** signs posted on various roads or portions of roads in Monterey during the winter months. The roads are: Fairview Rd., Chestnut Hill Rd., Wellman Rd., Gould Rd., Wallace Hall Rd., Mt. Hunger Rd., Brett Rd., Swann Rd. and Griswald Rd. These roads are not plowed or sanded.

Donald Amstead
Highway Superintendent

THE MONTEREY MOVIES RETURN!
5 Saturday nights in March
See p. 15 for details

WINTER NIGHT

A million points of diamond fire, like nails,
Pierce the great arch, until the tranced eye fails—
Seeking the quiet street where snow lies white,
Soft, soft in shadow—enfolded in the night.

— Dorothy E. Law

HISTORY TEST

February nights are long and dark
The days are short and cool
It was also testing time
When I went to school

Supper had been cleared away
The lamp was turned up high
A pan of apples close at hand
Books were opened with a sigh

Soon I was lost in distant lands
On burning sand and blazing sun
With honored men of honored deeds
And victories they had won

He cut the Gordian knot
Marched across Persea land
Under the Cambridge elm he stood
And said, I take command

A lonely man at Gettysburg
With misty eyes did say
To-day we bless these honored dead
O what a price to pay

This nation shall be one
All men shall be free
We can not turn away
We must face our destiny

The lamp is burning low
The apples, too, are gone
I just sat there thinking
Of those who made our country strong

So if to-day we feel despair
Throw up our hands and cry alas
Please remember all of those
Who took the test and passed.

— Sheldon Fenn
Woodburn Farm
February 1980

LETTER TO THE EDITOR

Dear Editor:

I was delighted to find, in last month's *Monterey News*, another of Loul McIntosh's wonderful columns on the planets, stars and constellations. I hope she will write them often, or even regularly, as she did before; her series in the *News* opened up the night sky for me and, I'm sure, for many others.

Sincerely,
Bonner McAllester

CATHOLIC CHURCHES

Masses Schedule

Our Lady of the Valley, Sheffield
Saturday, 5:30 p.m.
Sunday, 7:30, 9:00 and 10:30 a.m.
Immaculate Conception, Mill River
Sunday, 10:00 a.m.

Community Church Schedule Changes

Flowing from a suggestion by Mary Ward and agreed to by all those present on Sunday, Feb. 23, the (affectionately termed) Monterey UCC "Process Group" (Sowing Circle?) will begin on Sun., March 2, to meet between 9:15 and 10:15 a.m. This meeting will then be followed by the normally scheduled 10:30 to 11:30 a.m. Service.

Such a change was made so those who wish may keep our "Process" going each week and allow us to return to a full hour Worship Service which many have been sorry to see trimmed in half.

Also, after discussion of an idea cooked up by Sarah Bingham, we have now assigned Monday evening for all church committee meetings. Each committee can therefore establish its own starting time, take care of its business and then all members present shall convene for Parish Council between 9:30 and 10 p.m. in the Church Social Room.

This arrangement gives a concentration of committee work and progress to one evening per week, removes agenda volume created by monthly Parish Councils and should greatly facilitate a unified communication among us. If you have any questions on these new schedules please call the Wards, Bachs or a member of the Lay Ministry Group.

Monterey Arts Council Notice

TO: All Artists, Craftspeople and Residents of Monterey

FROM: The Monterey Arts Council

RE: Application Forms For The Arts Lottery Program

The time has come once again to submit your requests for funding from the Monterey Arts Council to finance all or part of your specific needs for a project of your design which will be of interest and support to the community of Monterey.

The application for the next funding period needs to reach us by April 1, 1986 and forms are available from any arts council member or at The New Spirit bookstore.

The Monterey Arts Council is allocated $500 twice a year to distribute as we want to any person who is a resident of the town and whose work is determined to warrant funding. We encourate all artists, writers, poets, craftspeople, historical or creative groups to apply.

Assumptions

A strange thing happened in England. I will never forget it. We were spending several days in this town that seemed to have a great aversion to putting up street signs. But if one has a map that names the streets, who needs street signs?

One thing I was sure of — the name of the street where our little hotel stood. So with a place to start from and a map to guide us, we set out confidently on foot toward a place we wanted to visit. We walked the right number of blocks. Yes, here is a major road that turns to the right. Somewhere on this road we will come to the place we are looking for. Now we are in open country. Fine. That is just the way the map shows it. But after the feet became tired and sore, we were wondering how it could be so far yet — still with no sight of the desired place. Things were more lonely. No people out here. Of course, we had to be near the right place — but why couldn't we see it, especially when what we were looking for was situated on a hill? Ah, at last, a person to ask. Where is it? She pointed back down the road we had traveled. Here we were, miles from the place we wanted to be. We could see it even from here.

There was nothing to do but retrace our steps; and very weary, we arrived at the place we wanted to be. And to see it right, we had to do lots more walking. When we returned to the room in the evening, I puzzled and puzzled over how the map makers had turned our day into confusion. Was it done originally on a transparency and then by mistake the names were written on the wrong side? How could such an obviously misleading map be printed in their town booklet? Even though I slept soundly from all the exercise, still on the edge of my mind was the gnawing question, how could such a mixed-up map have been printed?

The next day I was hit as if by a bolt of lightning. The whole mystery was cleared up in a second. I assumed I knew the name of the street our hotel was on. That assumption was responsible for a quarter-turn mix-up in all we did. Again I was shaking my head in disbelief: a single assumption had spun the town around by a quarter-turn. And so, map and town for one day became a source of great confusion.

The trouble with assumptions is just that—they are assumptions. Seldom are assumptions questioned. They are the ground we are standing on. Whatever we build on assumptions takes on the very character of the assumptions themselves.

For more centuries than we can imagine, the people of this planet assumed the earth was flat. This assumption ruled earth-life. Whether scholars studied theology or geography or psychology, the results of their study was profoundly influenced by their belief in a flat earth.

Within the lifespan of many of us, we can remember when Hitler's Germany grew around the assumption of Aryan superiority. With this assumption, a whole series of events unfolded which finally plunged the world into a blood-bath that is still unimaginable. From our assumptions, we build the whole rest of the structure. It is no wonder that humanity, from time to time, builds some horrendous structures. We start out with unexamined assumptions that twist life into terrible shapes and forms.

If the truth be known, none of us lives without assumptions. Everytime I eat food, I assume it will nourish me. When you drive a car you asssume it will take you where you want to go. Yet food sometimes hinders nourishment more than it helps, and cars sometimes don't get us there. If we are wise we will begin to examine our assumptions with more care. If a building is not sounder than its foundations, so we also discover our lives and our social structures are no sounder than the assumptions on which we build.

— Virgil V. Brallier

Ring Out The Old, Ring In The New

Changes on the *Monterey News* are happening so fast we hardly know who is staff and who is not from one issue to the next. But there is one thing certain: Eileen Clawson is no longer typesetting the paper.

Her abiding presence, simultaneously at her machine and by her telephone is what enabled me to have such a slapdash, dilatory, funfilled time as editor.

Most of my stuff came to her either in an illegible scribble or in single-spaced, crossed-out-and-reinserted pica type. Above words I couldn't read in other people's submissions, I wrote in obscenities or joke words. I drew arrows moving words and paragraphs over, around and inside other paragraphs. I wrote stingy little conclusions up the side of the page rather than use a second piece of paper. I never yet have learned to use proofreaders' marks. Eileen never failed calmly to metabolize all the little scraps of paper and bizarre markings she found stuck in her screen door at press time, and the columns, the headings, the announcements of events all came out nice and smooth.

I very much admire a person who can make order out of chaos and who can, through it all, maintain a light, nonjudgmental and capable air. Her finish work is what gave the *Monterey News* its dignity and force.

Our new typesetter will be Judith Freeman at *The Berkshire Courier.*

— Ellen Pearson

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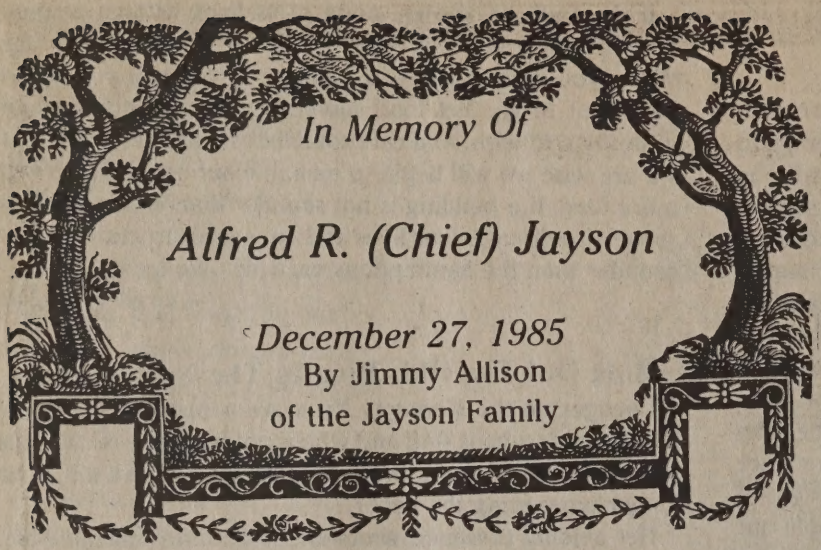

ROSE L. MCKEE
(1897-1985)

Rose L. McKee died at her home on Gould Farm on Dec. 3, 1985. She would have been eighty-eight on Dec. 28.

Born in New York City, she was the youngest of Alexander and Rosa Rice LeVino's six children.

She attended Barnard College and worked as a social worker in the City before coming to Gould Farm in 1920. After working for the Charity Organization Society for over a year and having had a major operation, she was sent to the Farm for six weeks.

Recently Rose was quoted as saying, "Then I just stayed...I fooled them." At the Farm, William Gould challenged her to take on major responsibilities. Here she met and married Sidney McKee, who had been a missionary in China.

Rose and Sidney worked together, assisting the Goulds and sharing with others in the direction of the community. After their most active years at the Farm, they spent several years as house parents at Piedmont College in Demorest, Georgia. Later they again became year-round residents of Monterey where both were active members of the United Church of Christ.

Mr. McKee died in 1971. Rose remained at the Farm, continuing to take a very active role here as long as her health permitted. Only recently did she give up some of her responsibilities, one of which included the editing of the Gould Farm News.

In 1963, she completed the book, *Brother Will and the Founding of Gould Farm.*

She leaves two children, William McKee and Janet McKee, both of Maryland; five grandchildren and four great-grandchildren. A memorial service was held at the Monterey Church on Dec. 14.

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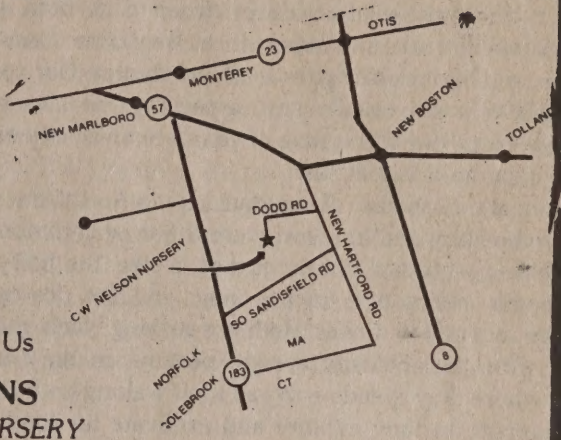

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Downy And Hairy Woodpeckers

The woodpeckers rarely come into our feeders for seed, but they love suet and hang on the mesh bag unperturbed by its wild swinging as they sock away at the sweet white fat. Winter, which keeps many people indoors and out of the woods, brings the wild creatures closer to us, both in their stories told in tracks and in person, as they come close to our houses and barns looking for food and shelter. Our common woodpeckers are usually shy, especially the larger hairy woodpeckers, but at this time of year we can see them easily if we hang up a bag of suet.

There are 22 species of woodpeckers in North America, of which the hairy and the downy are the most common. They resemble each other closely except in size, the hairy being the larger, about 8 ½ inches long, and the downy a bit smaller, about 6 ½ inches. Both are striking black and white birds with characteristic upright posture on the trunks of trees where they spend nearly all their waking hours tapping and tapping as they explore and excavate for food. There are other common woodpeckers about, but they look quite different from the hairies and the downies. Flickers are much larger with white rumps and lots of handsome brown on their backs and heads. And the rarer, glorious pileated ("pie-lee-ated") woodpecker is as much as 19 inches long, mostly black, with a big red crest. He is perhaps the Woody Woodpecker model, by his looks if not his personality.

One thing all woodpeckers have in common is the equipment for knocking holes in very hard wood. First they must have a strong grip on the bark of the tree. Their toes and claws are specially adapted for hooking onto almost any kind of woody surface. There are the usual four toes on our downies and hairies, arranged with two forward and two back. They have long sharp claws like nuthatches, which are good climbers, too, but like nuthatches, woodpeckers have stiff sturdy tailfeathers and can brace with their tails, pushing out against the pull of their feet. This lets them rear their heads way back away from the tree to give it a good whack, the way you would raise back for a good blow with a hammer. (Nuthatches don't do this, though they do sometimes wedge a seed in a crack and beat on it to open it. They never drill holes in wood.)

With feet and tail specially made for a good purchace and stance, the woodpecker has the drilling equipment to match. His skull is thick and hard and his beak sharp and strong. All his hammering will not injure his chisel. But there is another important feature which prevents concussion of his delicate brain, and that is a sort of shock-absorber between the beak and the skull which takes up some of the impact. He also has an unusually strong, thick membrane around his brain.

Another piece of special apparatus is the woodpecker's tongue. It is long, slim, and rounded with a hard, horny tip which is barbed. The tongue lies in a groove in the lower part of the beak and when a hole is drilled or pierced in a tree, into the tunnel of a grub or wood-borer, the bird opens his beak slightly and jabs out his spear-like tongue, farther into the tunnel to pierce the insect and then haul it back into his mouth. Usually the woodpecker never sees his prey at all, and there is much speculation as to how he detects the presence of dormant ants and beetles a couple of inches deep, or more, in wood.

Some people say they have seen a woodpecker turn his head to the side and listen against the bark before drilling. This would be useful in finding noisy eaters like the larvae of the sawyer beetles. But even they are dormant in cold weather, and still the woodpeckers find them, as well as colonies of cold, silent hibernating ants.

The theory which explains winter bug detection best is the one which says that the woodpecker taps gently, searching by ear for a change in resonance, much the way you would tap gently on a sheetrock wall looking for a stud behind so you could hang a picture. When your ear tells you the wall is solid, you rear back and whack in a nail. When the woodpecker hears a different note in his tapping, he leans back and jabs in hard for the kill. The hairy woodpecker can spear with his tongue an inch and a half beyond the end of his beak, thanks to the hyoid bones of the tongue, which curl back around the skull, and the strong muscles which thrust them forward.

I walked out yesterday in the woods near here as darkness was coming and a soft snow falling. I took my little girl on my shoulders; she likes to be out and she likes the snow. When I put her down she crawled along leaving a track like a porcupine in a snow suit, until she stopped to sit and lean forward for a mouthful of snow. Watching all this, I nearly missed the splash of bright black and white feathers by the path, where a male downy woodpecker had cashed in his chips recently at the hands of some small hawk. There was his strong little head, beak and tongue-spear, with a scarlet patch high at the back of his head. This is not blood, but the bright accent of feathers which the males have but the females don't. It looked like a lonely death, with no tracks approaching and none leading away—only a few small depressions in the snow, now filled with the woodpecker's fine gray underfeathers or down which had drifted there in the wind and caught, softening the story of the struggle.

— Bonner McAllester

On The Challenger

On TV, the Challenger flight was just high enough so the sharp roar of blast-off had become broad across the sky, all muffled, remote and full. A sound as of God mumbling in His sleep. The rocket's fluffy white cloud looked soft against the hard blue sky. When it all exploded without warning, the cloud and the sound got larger, a further sleepy harrumph. Watching this, we were quiet, as if we had forgotten how large God is, and how small we can be should She only turn in Her sleep.

Now the spectacle of mourning has eclipsed the tragic event. Leaders invoke the memory of those killed, calling on us to continue. It's what those now dead would have wanted, they say. I'm wondering. Suppose they were able to experience their own accidental deaths, and the national heartache now following. Probably they wouldn't object to the personal sacrifice. They had to be heroic individuals to sit on that rocket in the first place. But if they saw our stunning failure to account for every detail, to comprehend fully the nice accumulation of cause and effect, if they saw this failure work on the spiritual life of the whole nation, if they experienced the magnitude of that sharp yank on the heartstrings of every American (Gosh. We blew it.)—I like to think that even these heroes would pause.

There is, of course, a lot to do. We will seek by meticulous, exhaustive examination of all the evidence to pinpoint our error of omission. Perhaps we will find some conclusive cause of the explosion. If our diligence is coupled with good luck, we may never risk such a catastrophe again. It's a difficult job, but it's the sort we're good at. It's something we can sink our teeth into.

The job that's even harder is not technical. Now that one of our most deliberate, cautious and highly organized adventures has been casually slapped aside, and we, the adventurers, have been suddenly blown to bits, we need to think about how we get ourselves into these things.

We rocket people into space for a whole catalogue of minor, scientific good reasons, stacked up to outweigh the major absurdity of placing ourselves, by such extraordinary means, at such enormous expense, in such alien and inhospitable surroundings. And this while the nest back home is still something of a mess. So little sense of first things first. That's how we get into these things. We may list our reasons, but we want to go out there ourselves less because it makes sense and serves a purpose, than just because it is completely contrary, a monumental provocation of the natural order. We speak about discovery, about learning something new, and the prospect covers neatly the enduring probability that we'll also be reminded yet again of an old, old truth: that we love to embrace the absurd. Now we mourn lost lives, our unintentional mistake, and we must mourn too, our persistent will to prod, poke, and test all limits. This about us is not an anomaly subject to corrective measures—it's our nature. There is nothing we can do to exorcise the spirit that needs to seek out, and survive, dangers.

We've had a reminder now of how puny our powers of understanding really are, that we can gather a great mass of information, control complex systems, and still be unaware of what we've overlooked. But our arrogance and its consequences have really been minor this time. Imagine the catastrophe when it's not just seven deliberately trained heroic lives at risk, not just a single rocket of liquid and solid fuels to behave according to expectation, but so many millions of regular lives, most decent and modestly heroic (I've paid the rent! My kid's in college! Our divorce didn't go through! The tomatoes are up!...), some only full of struggle and shortfall—so many lives at risk before such enormous power that there would likely be no one left after some untoward failure to weigh once again courage against foolishness, anticipated gain against anticipated risk against the unexpected, and seek the balance. A good time, now, to take stock of the great power at our command, and beyond it.

— Peter Murkett

Arriving at Food For Friends in the church basement Feb. 10 are Madeline Coleman, Helen Backhaus and that's Florence Brown hiding back there.

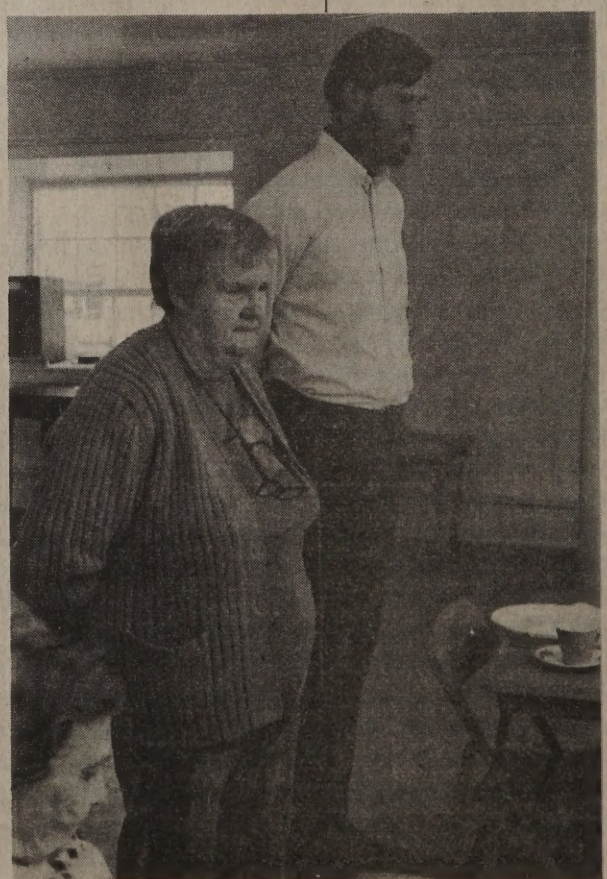
Food For Friends

Roast pork, potatoes, gravy, salad, applesauce, squash, muffin and cheesecake was the menu enjoyed by the elderly at the Feb. 10 dinner in the social room of the Church. Fifteen people were present, four of whom were helpers.

Cynthia Weber, who participated in the first dinner over a year ago; Mary Ward, who has helped with most of the meals; Bob Thieriot, who has been generous with fresh vegetables and transportation, and Megan Bradley, who makes the greatest desserts were the helpers this time.

We give loving thanks to Megan because special teenagers are not given enough credit for their good work. Our list of helpers is long for this past year and a half. We appreciate everyone of you and will be pleased for suggestion or help in any way. If you can help with music we would be especially grateful.

—Milly Walsh



Friends say Grace before Food For Friends Dinner.

Florence Brown, Marie Brallier (back to camera) and Nina Tryon at the Food For Friends Dinner.

Wallace Tryon, Jean DeBell, Gladys Dunlop and Helen Backhaus prepare to enjoy the Food For Friends repast.

Milly Walsh serves Food For Friends.

Gladys Dunlop serves the pie at Food For Friends.

LOCAL LORE

Indian Notes

Messages from the Mahicans

John Sergeant's journal of Jan. 20, 1739, refers to a movement among the New York and New England Indians to preserve their neutrality during the wars between the English and French colonies:

"This tribe (the Mahicans) had, about two months before, received a message which then came direct from the Scattekooks (on the Hudson) which imported that the French and English Mohawks had already consented to stand Neuter; and this tribe were now desir'd to come into the Projection. They therefore prepar'd three belts of wompum, with distinct messages to each...to be sent to (the) Eastern Indians...

With the first belt they say: 'Brother (of Wtanshekaunhtukko) — We have always liv'd in strict alliance with you by leagues of friendship long ago entered into by our forefathers; and we have been wont from time to time to consult together what is best to be done, and to communicate our determinations one to another; we therefore depend upon it you will be willing to hear us, because we have always been friends.'

With the second belt they say: 'Brother at Wtanshekaunhtukko — By this we may know that we are brethren, because we have one Father in Heaven, the Lord of all. Let us have a tender regard to our families. The white people, with whom we respectively live in alliance, are about to enter into a War. We only destroy ourselves by meddling with their Wars. They are great and strong, and reach to the clouds. Let us sit and look on while they engage. Don't let any of your people assist in their Wars, and while they fight let us sit and smoke together. Therefore three of your brethren send you this message, from the Highland, Monhekun, and Scattekook.'

Third belt; 'Brother at Naunauchoowuk (Norridgewock, Maine) — Though you had begun a War with the English, you would regard us if we should desire you to leave off. You will without doubt not intermeddle if we insist upon it. Maybe the English think the Indians prevent their conquering their enemies, the French; therefore let us sit and smoke together and see who will be Conquerors.' "

Like many other peace treaties, these efforts by the Mahicans and others came to nothing in the end. Norridgewock was destroyed in the French and Indian wars. The Mahicans also participated in many battles in this conflict and their presence in Stockbridge is acknowledged by historians to be the reason there were no enemy raids in the south Berkshires. In the Revolution, the Mahicans lost fully half their adult male population, fighting this time, against the British. Their contribution to the war was commended by General Washington, but one reason they left Stockbridge was the demoralization brought about by so many casualties.

— David P. McAllester

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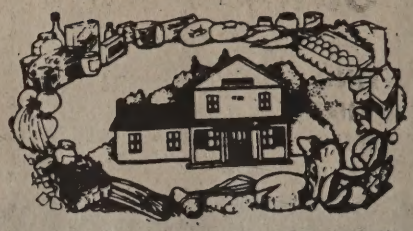

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VNA HEALTH PROMOTION CLINIC SCHEDULE

The following is the schedule for Visiting Nurse Association Health Promotion Clinics being offered in March by the Southern Berkshire VNA. All clinics are free of charge to South County residents (donations are accepted). For full information, call the SBVNA at 528-0130.

Otis 1:00-3:00	March 4 at the Otis Library
Sheffield 1:00-3:00	March 11 at Dewey Memorial Hall
Stockbridge 1:00-3:00	March 19 at the Stockbridge Plain School
Gt. Barrington 1:00-3:00	March 31 at the Senior Center
Sheffield 1:00-3:00	March 25 at the Dewey Memorial Hall

CONTRA AND SQUARE DANCE SCHEDULE

Sat., March 8, Square and Contra Dance, New England-style, at the Sheffield Grange, Route 7, Sheffield from 8:30-11:30 p.m. Beginners and children welcome. All dances taught by caller Joe Baker, music by Mountain Laurel. Refreshments served. Adults, $3.50, children $1 dance until intermission. For more information call 528-9385. or 518 329-7578.

Sat., March 22, Square and Contra Dance, New England style, at the Sheffield Grange from 8:00-12:00. This is our second annual *Maple Sugar Moon Dance.* Everyone is welcome. Calling by Joe Baker and Pat Rust, music by Mountain Laurel. Special puppet show by Grian Salomon and her Ivy Vine Players. Singing, homemade maple ice cream and other refreshments; cider, coffee and tea. Admission includes refreshments. Adults: $4.50 and children $2.00.

MONTEREY GRANGE NEWS

Monterey Grange #291 met Feb. 19 at the hall. The theme of the program was "Valentines."

Deputy Peter Martin was present to outline the new rules and activities. The next meeting will be on Mar. 5 for a Booster night open to the public. Worthy State Master Kenneth Skinner will be guest speaker and there will be a Variety Program. Members and visitors are invited.

— Mary Wallace

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LETTER TO THE EDITOR

Dear Editor:

In response to your request for comments:

Typeset too small for older eyes.

Am opposed to multi-family units but favor single family to two family dwellings.

Too much "outside of Monterey" news.

Too much "outside of Monterey" advertising.

Should folk walk on property, which belongs to another person, without permission, and enter buildings which belong to another?

— A Resident of Monterey
Who wishes to remain anonymous

Editor's Note: The Monterey News has a long-standing policy that does not permit the printing of anonymous letters to the Editor. However, in this instance, we have decided to print the letter.

YOUTH NEWS

Girl Scout Troop ÷ 66

Girl Scout Troop ³ 66 attended the Bag-n-Badge event in Pittsfield. Each girl earned a World of Today and Tomorrow Dabbler Badge for the event. They had to fulfill a number of tasks to earn this. Our troop visited the Deco Art Shop to see how a small business is run. We undertook a scavenger hunt at the Berkshire Science Museum. We grew alfalfa sprouts, flew paper airplanes and a few other things. We were joined by troops from Pittsfield and other Western Mass. towns as far away as Westfield. Our Annual Girl Scout Cookie Sale is underway . Anyone interested in purchasing cookies who has not been approached by Girl Scouts can contact me at 528-4706.

— Carol Sadlowski

Cub Scouts

The Cub Scouts have been busy earning their Bob Cat Badges and are now working for their Wolf Badges. They are getting along much better with each other and find they can do more by working together than by arguing. They are also deciding what individual goals they want to set for themselves to earn different badges.

Tiger Cub Scouts

On Jan. 21, the Tiger Cubs met at Jason Tanner's house. The boys learned the story of "The Boy Who Cried Wolf." Each boy made a boy shepherd puppet, with a potato head, and acted out the story with his puppet.

On Feb. 4, Cory Jassen and his Mom were in charge. The boys met at school for a snack then went miniature golfing at the Cove in Great Barrington.

Webelos

The boys continue to work for activity pins. Some boys have visited their town's selectmen's meetings.

One meeting they made a table-size map of a fictitious town. They drew roads and made decisions on land use in their "town." The first building constructed was a football stadium.

Michael Ohman and Michael Sonsini attended the District Klondike Derby on Feb. 8. They met and competed with other Scouts of the Appalachian Trail District.

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Monika Pizzichemi Named DAR Good Citizen

Mount Everett Regional High School senior Monika Pizzichemi has been named this year's recipient of the Daughters of the American Revolution Good Citizen Award.

Monika is the daughter of Elizabeth Pizzichemi of Pixley Road and is a member of the student council, editor-in chief of the school yearbook and has been a student representative to the School Committee. She plays in both the marching and concert bands, is the band secretary and is a varsity athlete in two sports. She plans to major in commercial art at Mass. College of Art after graduating from high school.

The winners of the DAR award are selected on the basis of character, dependability, leadership, service and patriotism. The senior class nominated three students for the award and the school faculty made the final choice.

The award, which is sponsored by the First Resistance Chapter of the DAR of Great Barrington, will be presented at graduation in June.

Miss Pizzichemi also recently won the Southern Berkshire Winter Carnival Button Contest and her design appears on this year's button.

Congratulations to Monika.

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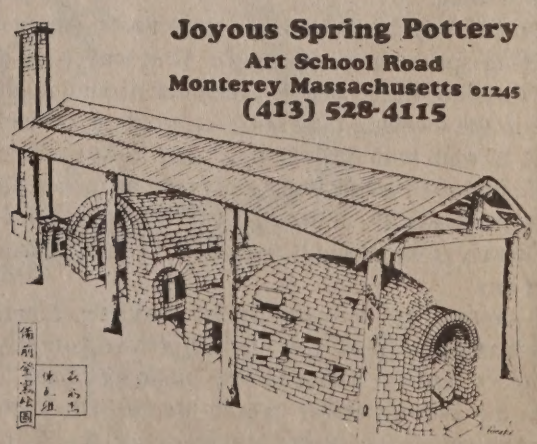

LETTER TO THE EDITOR

To The Editor:

The book review about *Builders of the Dawn* in the Feb. issue of *The Monterey News* in which the reviewer quotes cult-type organizaitons, whose members recommend their life-style and views to our community, brings to mind the unpalatable question which I have been asked repeatedly: "Has Monterey become cult-city?"

To begin with, it is not in the domain of a reviewer to recommend views and life-styles, even by implication, to the reader, but rather to report and analyze the content of a book.

Furthermore, not more than perhaps one percent of the year-round population of Monterey is involved in the reviewer's orientation. The rest of us, like the citizens of other Berkshire small towns, are common sense people, adhering to our own beliefs and personal life-styles.

In such a pluralistic group, each one of us finds their very own solutions to our inner well-being, choosing the areas in which we wish to participate. And those among us who are seeking help in order to work out personal problems, might seek such help from qualified professionals in the field of psychology with diplomas from *accredited* graduate-schools. Mere common sense tells us that the human psyche is too complex to be trusted to over-simplified theories.

In short, in a community made up of mature and caring people, recommendations by sympathisers of cult-type organizations will be wisely resisted.

— Fred Lancome
Monterey

OPEN LETTER TO THE MONTEREY PLANNING BOARD

To The Monterey Planning Board
Bill Brockman, Chairman

I was sorry not to be at your open meeting on Jan. 23, and I am responding to your invitation in the *News* to put my opinion in writing.

On an overpopulated globe we must find the best ways to give living space to many people. One way is in a multi-family dwelling with a sizable green belt around it which the people in the dwelling may share—a wood or a meadow big enough to walk in and to see as a view from a window. It is possible that such an arrangement could be more efficient in the use of materials and fuels, and more spacious to the spirit, than a group of small, hedged individual houses on adjoining lots.

We cannot, as human beings, say to others: "Go somewhere else. Unless you are rich, crowd yourselves into some place without a responsible planning board." I have faith in this Board's ability to plan Monterey in such a way that many people can afford and enjoy its lake, its hills and meadows and swamps.

— Susan McAllester
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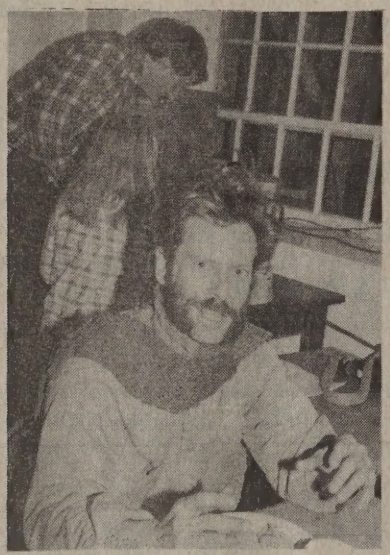

Dr. X of the *Monterey News* in the background is Fred Carlisle.

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Back cover ads are exactly double the above prices.
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Interim Editor :	Marie Thompson
Editor-in-training:	Paul Edelman
Art Editor:	Steve Maye
Business Manager:	Priscilla Gulliver
Youth Editor:	Katy Bradley
Layout & Design:	Marie Thompson
Paste-up:	Tim Freeman
Staff photographer:	Susan McAllester

Mailing labels: Gould Farm Computer Service/ John Green

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